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and his incidental hints of his opinion about some of the number are a part of the work which will be read with some degree of curiosity. It would however be with an ill grace that we should, in these pages, accompany Giovanni in his wanderings—at all events till we have paid our respects in this way to his masters—neither shall we say any thing of his voyage to England, to give evidence upon a law-suit, in which the editor of his story was a party concerned—nor of the information we have thus obtained about Earl Grosvenor's splendid palace, or the unfurnished state and uncozy appearance of Mr. Bankes' big drawing-rooms—nor of the rudeness of the natives of Chester—nor of the peculiar excellency of the amusements at Vauxhall. Indeed, we are led to suspect that the narrative is not yet completed. Giovanni's pilgrimage with Lord Prudhoe will certainly form another chapter of accidents, if it will not quite furnish an additional volume. Nor do we expect that so restless a personage will be content to stop long in his projected situation as hotel-keeper for European visitors at Cairo, even if the steam-boat navigation of the Red Sea should so far succeed as to warrant his embarking his little capital in such a speculation. Should we however find him fairly established, we shall certainly speak a good word for him to the readers of the NATIONAL; and as, unluckily, an Irish absentee is no *rara avis in terris*, we are much mistaken if our host of Cairo will not have some reason to thank us for our recommendation.

#### ODE TO AN ELEPHANT.

Lambert of quadrupeds ! I'd fain inquire  
The source of thy primeval sire ;  
But find all sages quarrel on the root  
Of thy ancestral tree, thou bulky brute !  
Sanctusathou taught, that some old flood,  
Retiring, left a generative mud—  
Which sunshine ripen'd into flesh and blood :  
Hence sprung, like mushrooms, man and beast,  
And elephants among the rest.

Democritus assured us he could trace,  
The first ingredients of thy race ;  
And shows how atoms in eternal dance,  
Led by their ballet-master, Chance,  
Tried many a form, till in a lucky minute,  
They hit on order, and continued in it.

Spinoza tells us that necessity,  
Was sire to nature, and begat her,  
Before organic life began to be,  
By acting on immortal matter ;  
And elephants, of course, obeyed the laws  
Of this inevitable final cause.

But Buffon vows, that plastic wants,  
Contrived the forms of elephants :  
That distance from the soil produced the snout—  
By poking, gradually lengthened out ;  
And tusks were added, when privation,  
Became sufficing cause for their creation :  
Tapirs, he swears, are but thy younger brothers—  
Born in a newer world—and then supposes  
That having felt, as long as others,  
The inconvenience of their losses,  
They'll be enabled to prolong their noses  
Into probosces !

But now the Gnostics of infusion come,  
 And lo ! antiquity is dumb,  
 Bright with the newest minds illumination !  
 They cry, that elephants or oaks are made  
 By particles combined in light or shade.  
 And this they name ambiguous generation !  
 And prove, by microscopic views, that truth  
 Is still a youth !  
 Thus theories, like cards, are overthrown—  
 One tumbles those before it, while on that  
 Another presses, and is quickly prone—  
 Till all are flat !  
 Such still is reason, when on doubtful wing,  
 She blindly soars, unaided by the Word,  
 That light around her clouded path can fling,  
 And bid her own, in nature, nature's Lord !  
 That Word compels us in thy form to see  
 The finger of Eternal Deity !

B. B.

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A DRIVE TO KINGSTOWN.

One fine day during last month, Mr. Editor, I drove down to Kingstown, that “ultima Thule” of citizen excursions—at least at this season—in order to dissipate the effects of the previous night's quadrilling, which, from too frequent motion of my lower members, generally causes a disordered state of my **whole nervous system**, terminating where the system itself commences—in the brain—and, *horresco referens*, in the form, invisible but too palpable, of a *headache*. What a host of dreadful remembrances have their birth at that simple word ! And yet what effusions of genius have had their source in a *mal du tête*, whose pains are but the throes of labouring thought ! How beautiful the fable which feigns that Minerva was the offspring of Jupiter's brain, and that a violent headache was the precursor of her birth ! Is not this emblematic of the same evil affecting the human brain ? Where the result is *not* always wisdom, still the delivery from conceptive pains is as gratifying, and the offspring perhaps as dear. But I digress ; I merely wished to exemplify how “from evil often springeth good,” and how from a drive to Kingstown, (in itself a serious evil, particularly if you are lucky or unlucky enough to be drawn by a horse affording fit subject for anatomical study, with all the muscles clearly traceable in motion,) how from such a drive I was led to the enjoyment of a delightful prospect.

Having arrived, I sauntered down to the harbour, and a more lovely scene cannot well be fancied. The day was particularly fine ; the calmness which reigned around breathed a sympathetic calm over the soul—there seemed to be an absorbing stillness in the air, in which every discordant sound was lost—even the gay stream of citizens that moved along the piers, poured on in seeming silence, or at least with a murmuring made musical by the softness of the air. Such an effect has been described by a late poet in those lines—

“ The sun is warm, the sky is clear,  
 The winds, the birds, the ocean floods,  
 The city's voice is still, like that of solitudes,”

It was under the influence of this scene that my headache was dispelled, or perhaps sublimed—(I use the word in its chemical sense)—evaporating in the lines which I transcribe underneath, and which,